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| Zentralabitur 2024 | Englisch | Material für Prüflinge |
| Prüfungsteil 2: Textaufgabe – Aufgabe II | eA | Prüfungszeit: 225 min |

Name: _____

Klasse: _____

Hilfsmittel

Ein- und zweisprachiges Wörterbuch der
Zielsprache

Aufgabenstellung

1. Outline Amy Tan's experiences with memory. **(30 %)**

2. Analyze how the author presents her experiences with memory. Focus on the use of language and its effect on the reader. **(30 %)**

3. Choose **one** of the following tasks: **(40 %)**

3.1 “[A]ging memory is impressionistic and selective in details, much like fiction is.” (l. 36)

Taking Amy Tan’s statement as a starting point, comment on the impact of perception and memory on a person’s life. Also refer to the text at hand and materials studied in class, such as the novel *Atonement*.

or (3.2)

3.2 You are taking part in an international school project on
"Crafting Identity: Our Presentation – Our Truth?"

Write an article for the project website, discussing the benefits
and dangers of presenting yourself through photos on
social media.

Material

**Text: Excerpt from Amy Tan,
“Introduction” to Where the Past Begins:
A Writer’s Memoir (2017)**

- 1 In my office is a time capsule: seven large clear plastic bins
safeguarding frozen
- 2 moments in time, a past that began before my birth. During the
writing of this book,
- 3 I delved into the contents – memorabilia, letters, photos, and the
like – and what I

4 found had the force of glaciers calving. They reconfigured
memories of my mother
5 and father.
6 [...] I never throw away photos, unless they are blurry. All of
them, even the horrific
7 ones, are an existential record of my life. Even the molecules of
dust in the boxes are
8 part and parcel of who I am – so goes the extreme rationale of a
packrat, that and
9 the certainty that treasure is buried in the debris. In my case, I
don't care for dust,

10 but I did find much to treasure.
11 To be honest, I have discarded photos of people I would never
want to be reminded
12 of again, a number that, alas, has grown over the years to eleven
or twelve. The
13 longer I live the more blurry photos I've accumulated, along with a
few sucker
14 punches from people I once trusted and who did the equivalent of
knocking me down
15 to be first in line at the ice-cream truck. Age confers this simple
wisdom: Don't expose

16 yourself to malarial mosquitoes. Don't expose yourself to assholes.
As it turns out,
17 throwing away photos of assholes does not remove them from
consciousness.
18 Memory, in fact, gives you no choice over which moments you can
erase, and it is
19 annoyingly persistent in retaining the most painful ones. It is
extraordinarily faithful
20 in recording the most hideous details, and it will recall them for
you in the future with
21 moments that are even only vaguely similar.

22 With only those exceptions, I have kept all the photos. The
problem is, I no longer
23 recognize the faces of many – not the girl in the pool with me, or
three out of the four
24 women at a clothes-swap party. Nor those people having dinner at
my house. Then
25 again, I have met hundreds of thousands of people in my sixty-
five years. Some of
26 them may have even been important in my life. Yet, without
conscious choice on my

27 part, my brain has let a lot of moments slide over the cliff. While
writing this memoir,
28 I was conscious that much of what I think I remember is
inaccurate, guessed at, or
29 biased by experiences that came later. If I were to write this same
book five years
30 from now, I would likely describe some of the events differently,
either because of a
31 change of perspective or worsening memory – or even because
new evidence has

32 come to light. That is exactly what happened while writing this
book. I had to revise

33 often as more discoveries appeared.

34 I used to think photographs were more accurate than bare
memory because they

35 capture moments as they were, making them indisputable. They
are like hard facts,

36 whereas aging memory is impressionistic and selective in details,
much like fiction is.

37 But now, having gone through the archives, I realize that photos
also distort what is

38 really being captured. To get the best shot, the messiness is
shoved to the side, the
39 weedy yard is out of the shot. The images are also missing
context: the reason why
40 some are missing, what happened before and after, who likes or
dislikes whom, if
41 anyone is unhappy to be there. When they heard "cheese," they
uniformly stared at
42 the camera's mechanical eye, and put on the happy mask, leaving
a viewer fifty years

43 later to assume everyone had a grand time. I keep in mind the
caveat that I should
44 question what I see and what is not seen. I use the photos to
trigger a complement
45 of emotional memories. I use a magnifying glass to look closely at
details in the black-
46 and-white images in sizes popular in the 1940s and 1950s –
squares ranging from one
47 and a half to three and a half inches. They document a
progression of Easter Sundays

48 after church and the annual mauling of Christmas presents, which
were laid
49 underneath scraggly trees or artificial ones, in old apartments or
new tract homes.
50 Some of these photos refuted what I had believed was true, for
example, that our
51 family owned no children's books, except one, *Chinese Fairy Tales*,
illustrated by an
52 artist who made the characters look like George Chakiris and
Natalie Wood [1] from

53 *West Side Story*. A photo of me at age three shows otherwise: I
am mesmerized by
54 the words and pictures in a book spread open in my lap. In other
photos of that same
55 day, there is evidence of presents of similar size waiting to be
ripped open. I had not
56 known this when I wrote the piece "How I Learned to Read." But it
all makes sense
57 that I would have had books given by family friends, if not by my
parents. As a writer,

58 I'm glad to know that my grubby little paws were all over those
pages. [...]

59 This past year, while examining the contents of those boxes – the
photos, letters,

60 memorabilia, and toys – I was gratified to learn that many of my
childhood memories

61 were largely correct. In many cases, they returned more fully
understood. But there

62 were also shocking discoveries about my mother and father,
including a little white

63 lie they told me when I was six, which hugely affected my self-
esteem throughout
64 childhood and even into adulthood. The discoveries arranged
themselves into
65 patterns, magnetically drawn, it seemed, to what was related.
They include artifacts
66 of expectations and ambition, flaws and failings, catastrophes and
the ruins of hope,
67 perseverance and the raw tenderness of love. This was the
emotional pulse that ran

68 through my life and made me the particular writer that I am.

(963 words)

[1] George Chakiris, Natalie Wood – U.S. actors playing Puerto Rican characters in the 1961 film version of the musical West Side Story

Quelle: Amy Tan. Where the Past Begins: A Writer's Memoir. London: 4th Estate, 2017. 1–6.

Gesamtergebnis

| Aufgabe | Mögliche Prozent | Erreichte Prozent |
|---------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1 | 30 % | |
| 2 | 30 % | |
| 3 | 40 % | |